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AN OLD PITTSBURGH MANSION.



THE *East End Bulletin*, of Pittsburgh, Pa., gave in a recent issue the following interesting local sketch, with the accompanying illustrations. Through the courtesy of the publisher THE ART UNION is enabled to print article and pictures intact. * * *

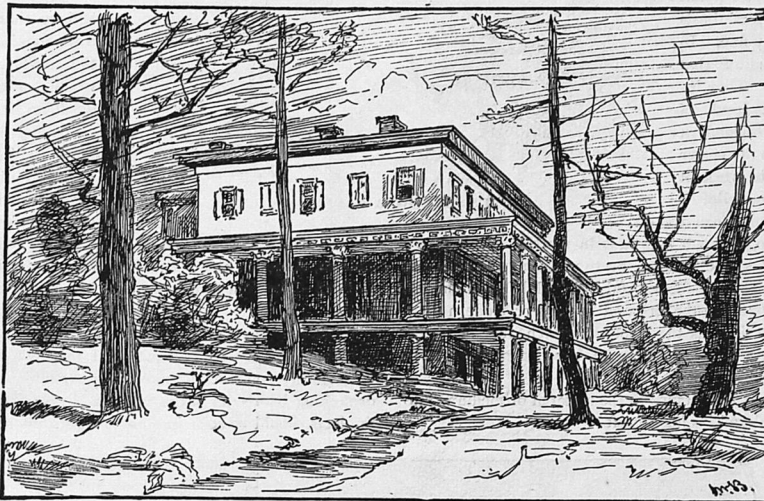
"THE desert of Sahara, even, contains green and habitable spots. So does our practical, busy city contain an oasis or two, sacred to romance and dedicated to the past. Such a spot is the quaint old mansion located near the Silent City, where marble shafts and grassy mounds tell of lives passed and voices that have gone. On Stanton Avenue, in the Eighteenth Ward, 'Pic-nic,' the mansion built half a century ago by William Croghan for his only daughter stands in grim but not successful defiance of Time and the elements.

"Rising high above the thickly populated wards north of the Allegheny Cemetery stands the hill whose crown and glory in the olden days was the Schenley mansion. The old gateway to the estate marks a dividing line between the busy scenes of a great city and the remaining evidences of a period in the history of Pittsburgh now almost forgotten. The pilgrims in search of the picturesque and instructive stand upon the old carriage-way in front of the mansion and cease to wonder why so elevated a position was selected for a place of residence. The scene is magnificent, and must have been even more impressive when Herron's hill and the range of hills north of the Allegheny River were covered with verdure. Passing through the quaint doorway into the old mansion, every evidence of modern life disappears and the mind revels in memories of the past. Once more the farms lying at the base of the hill and along the

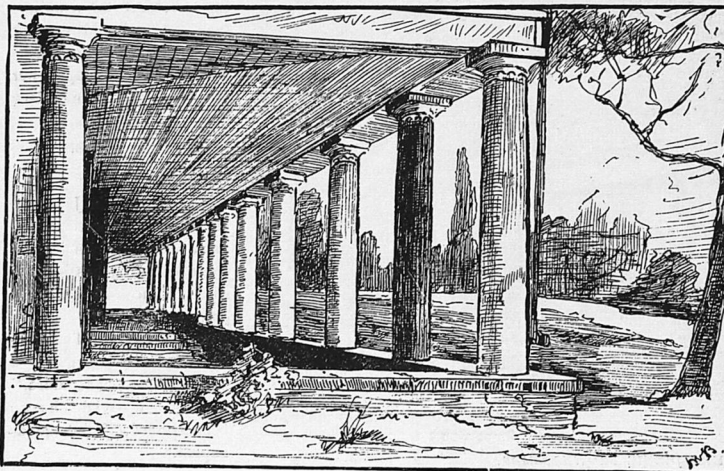
bottom lands of the Allegheny River are peopled by men whose names are remembered by few. The greater part of the Allegheny Cemetery was owned by Bayard, and Mowry, father of Wm. Mowry, of Cuba-You-Quit fame, and the great host now slumbering in that beautiful silent city were either unborn or in active life. The other properties lying close to the Schenley estate were those of Bishop, Schoenberger, McCandless and Denny. Even the house-keeper is a relic, grown old in the service of the family. It is her special pleasure to keep the massive furniture in exactly the same positions occupied during the years brightest in her memory, because of the presence of Mrs. Schen-



THE CONSERVATORY.



THE OLD MANSION.



THE BASEMENT PORTICO.

ley. Next to this is the pleasure of showing the interested visitor through the mansion. Everywhere are evidences of refinement and taste. To the right of the main entrance the attention of the visitor is attracted by a large portrait of Mrs. Schenley. Near it is a vacant frame, once filled by a portrait of Captain Schenley, taken from life by Emil Foerster. This was subsequently removed and taken to England. The portrait of Mrs. Schenley is by a London artist. A curious feature of this picture is the background, which represents a view of Pittsburgh with steamboats in the foreground

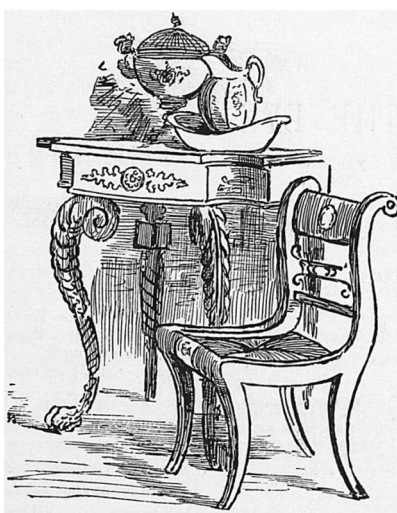
and the court-house in the distance. There are old chairs of the most remarkable design, canopied bedsteads, writing tables, china ware, etc. In one room are several drawings made by Mrs. Schenley's daughters when they were studying art in Pittsburgh. The quaint furnishings, the old mantel, etc., are shown in our illustrations, as well as the mansion itself, the crumbling conservatory, etc.

"The romance with which the house, its grounds and contents are identified is one which the older families of this city are never tired of telling, and which may here be outlined without doing violence to the feelings of any, alive or dead.

"In 1826 Mr. William Croghan came to this city from Louisville. As a lawyer he was gifted and successful, and had amassed a comfortable fortune. As a man, he was Nature's perfect handiwork physically—tall, erect and admirably proportionate, with singularly handsome features and distinguished bearing. A bright, fearless eye and a noble head of auburn curls were among his charms of person, enhanced by a courtliness of manner that captivated all. It is not to be wondered, therefore, that, very soon after this gallant Kentuckian's arrival, he should have

led to the altar a Pittsburgh belle, in the person of Miss Mary O'Hara, daughter of doughty old James O'Hara, the man of brains, hard cash and broad acres. Brief indeed was the wedded life of the handsome couple, for in 1827 Mrs. Croghan died, leaving a baby daughter, the namesake of her mother and the sole heiress of a great estate. After a few years at her father's home, the damsel was placed under the tuition of Miss McCloud, whose boarding school on Staten Island was at that time famous in its way and patronized by other old families of the Iron City. Mary Croghan, while not inheriting her mother's beauty, was a pretty, precocious, dashing girl. The story of her prospective wealth was not confined to the circle of her Pittsburgh acquaintances. Its interest seemed especially potent with the brother-in-law of Miss McCloud, a man whose name is now familiar to all Pittsburghers.

"Captain Edward Wyndham Harrington Schenley was an English officer, a polished man of the world, forty-seven and twice a widower. As the relative of Miss McCloud, he had an *entree* to that lady's seminary, and his age seemed a barrier of safety in that good woman's mind, which precluded any intimation of the startling *dénouement* which followed. It was on a bright



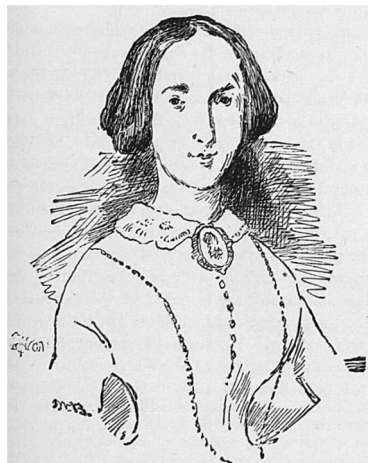
A "PIC-NIC" GROUP.

which was subsequently incorporated in the new building. A generation has passed away since the walls of "Pic-nic" have echoed to the voices of its owner, the last visit to his home having been made by Captain Schenley in 1864. Meanwhile a trusted woman, Mrs. Köhler, keeps an affectionate watch over the deserted halls and silent apartments. Historically speaking, the place is rich in memories; artistically, "Pic-nic" is, within and without, a place for the eye to rest upon lovingly and admiringly. Unless repairs are soon made to both house and grounds, Father Time must have things his own way, and then only ruins will mark the place where William Croghan lived and died, and where his only child passed her few years of girlhood and later years of wifehood.

"Captain Schenley died in 1879. Mrs. Schenley is still alive and in good health, and her surviving children number six. The family residence is in London."

AN ETCHING BY THOMAS MORAN.

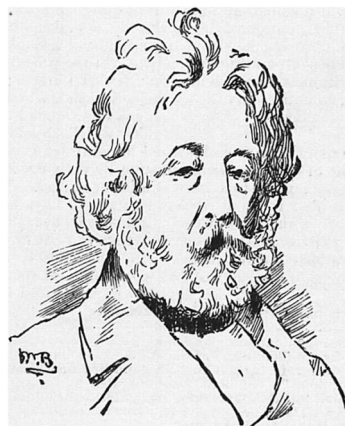
THE ART UNION last year printed an edition of an etching by Mr. Thomas Moran called "The Rainbow." This superb little plate elicited universal admiration, and deserved it, for it is



MRS. SCHENLEY.



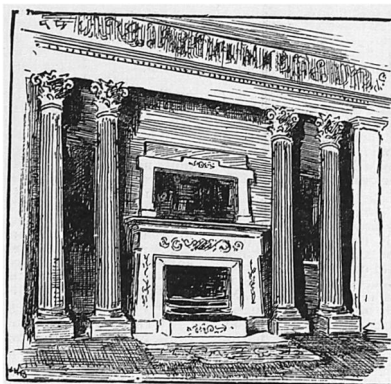
CAPT. SCHENLEY—1838.



CAPT. SCHENLEY—1863.

morning in 1841, when Mary Croghan was but fourteen years of age, that there was wild consternation in the flourishing school. Miss Croghan's room was empty. A sailing vessel chartered by the bold wooer had received the precious freight, a convenient minister had united martial January and blooming May, and the strangely mated couple were on their way across the ocean before the elopement had been realized by those most interested—certainly before the astounded paternal Croghan had been apprised of his daughter's doings.

"But paternal love at last calmed William Croghan's wrath. Captain Schenley proved a good husband and a devoted father, and in the foundation of the mansion "Pic-nic" was laid. This name was given it by Mr. Croghan, who frequently lunched *al fresco* under the trees that stood near the spot. Previous to building this fine old place Croghan occupied a brick cottage,



THE FIRE-PLACE AND MANTEL.

a fine example of the art of the master of American artist-etchers. The subject of "The Rainbow" was found at Three Mile Harbor, a little land-locked bay near Easthampton, where Mr. Moran has his summer studio and has found inspiration for some of his loftiest work.

So many requests have come to us from new subscribers of THE ART UNION for an etching by Mr. Moran, that we have had another edition printed from the original plate of "The Rainbow" and present it with this number. Our new friends will find it a delightful novelty, and our old ones will not regret seeing it again.

We may add, on the subject of etchings, that future numbers will be embellished with plates by Walter Shirlaw, Charles Volkmar, H. P. Share, Hamilton Hamilton, Frederick Juengling, W. H. Lippincott, W. H. Shelton, and other well known artists, some of which are already finished and in hand, and others in process of preparation.